

like it's some great adventure
some perilous mission
& when the dog is finished she
scoops up his shit
on a neatly folded paper towel
& carries it to the street
places it oh so carefully
into the gutter
like maybe it's an abandoned baby
on a church doorstep
or some kind of bomb
& then she marches back
across the street
lock stepping with the dog
a couple of generals
home from the wars.

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

baby, we have to cut this out
I mean, it's getting to be like
Custer's last stand
around here
& you've got so many horses
so many arrows you're
shooting my way
like why don't we ever go out
& why don't I cut down on the drinking
& why do I have to stay up all night.

but it's always like this
when I'm writing
you know that
the poet's isolation is not a
romantic myth
& like Custer I've gathered
my wagons & my cavalry
all about me
closing myself off
from all those Indians out there.

& listen it's bad enough
knowing I'm not going to win
knowing they'll get to me
soon enough
so please baby hang on
just a little longer
these poems I write they
aren't bullets & they won't
make those Indians go away

but they will help me to stand tall
& look those bastards in the eye
when they come in for the kill.